General Miscellany.

WHEN?

BY FATHER RYAN.

Some day in Spring!
When earth is bright and glad,
When wild birds sing,
And fewest hearts are sad,
Shall I die then?
Ah me! no matter when!
I know it will be sweet
To leave the home of men
To rest beneath the sod—
To kneel and kiss Thy feet,"
In thy home—oh! my God!

Some Summer Morn!
When all the winds sing songs,
When roses hide each thorn,
And smiles the spirit's wrongs,
Shall I die then?
Ah, me! no matter when!
I know I will rejoice
To leave the homes of men
To rest beneath the sod—
To kneel and kiss Thy feet
In Thy home—oh! my God!

Some Autumn Eve,
When shadows dim the sky—
When all things grieve,
And fairest things all die,
Shall I die then?
Ah me! no matter when!
I know it will be glad
To leave the home of men
To sleep beneath the sod—
No heart can e'er be sad
In Thy home—oh! my God;

Some Wintry day,
When all the sky is gloom,
When beauteous May
Sleeps in December's tomb,
Shall I die then?
My heart shall throb with joy
To leave the home of men
To seek rest beneath the sod—
Ah! joy has no alloy
In Thy home—oh! my God!

Ah me! I tell
The rosary of my years;
And it is well
The beads are strung with tears!
Hasten Death, and come
I pine—I pray for Home!
I know it will be sweet
To rest beneath the sod—
To kneel and kiss Thy feet
In Thy Home—oh! my God!

JAKE'S LUCK.

"Whatever *will* Mr. Squimps say? Oh, girls, to think of it—poor washed-out Amanda Liza, with her check aprons and faded calicoes—to think of her turning out an heiress! Whew! It takes my breath away. What 'll Jake do now, I wonder?"

Miss Jenny Smith was an acknowledged leader in the Squimps academy. She had maintained her rotund person and round good-natured face in spite of sour bread and scant rations. We thin and starveling girls looked up to her as a star of the first magnitude. We clustered round her in high conclave, as she sat on a desk in the school-room during the temporary absence of our worthy preceptor.

"Oh, *she'll* never think of Jake again," cried a sharp-faced girl in the corner.

"I'll bet she will," responded Miss Smith, slapping her hand energetically on her old grammar. Miss Smith had "big brothers," which may partly account for the vim with which she was wont to express herself. "But oh, don't I wish it was me! To think that Amanda Liza, that I used to lend my old collars to—"

"Young ladies, Miss Bimm!" cried a warning voice; whereat Jenny, with more haste than dignity, abandoned her lofty position, and there was a general stampede for seats, as Miss Bimm, the head teacher, came sailing in, followed by Mr. Squimps, the principal, black, tall, and solemn as the shadow of a lamp-post. Now for stricter rules, longer lectures on propriety, and a general surveillance founded on "certain recent occurrences."

What would Mr. Squimps say? Ay, to be sure that was always a question of importance, and Mr. Squimps always said a good deal. Here was an especial theme for his eloquence; for this case of poor Amanda Liza, who had been his bond-slave for ten years, cuffed and cornered, making no sign, and at last turning out to have relations of her own and a heap of money, and leaving his establishment "for good and all" in his absence, was a *leetle* too much for human nature, as he declared. For Mr. Squimps did not disdain to descend to "familiar colloquialisms" once in a while as a relief from the high mental strain of too much Latin and lexicon.

Mr. Squimps should have been a public speaker—so his wife declared, so all his friends affirmed—only the trouble was he would never know when to stop. There was no "cork up" to him, the girls declared. Once given a little rope, a small vexation, an accidental jarring of his arrangements, and Mr. Squimps flowed out into limitless rivers of rhetoric. He argued his point down to the last whittle, wound up splendidly, touched up his side-whiskers, looked round for applause, turned over his wristbands, and, before you knew it, began again.

This was a splendid opening, this of Amanda Liza's—a girl whom he had taken out of "pure" charity when her folks died of fever, a girl whom he had educated, brought up in his very family, and—and—and— Mr. Squimps felt himself possessed on this occasion of all the stock in trade necessary for an orator.

"And Mr. Squimps like a father to her, too!" cried Mrs. Squimps, elevating her shriveled little hands.

Mrs. Squimps was a small wrinkled lady, rustling about of an afternoon in a stiff voluminous silk, so little, so shriveled, she seemed to rattle in it as she walked, like a withered kernel in a walnut-shell. She had the benefit of Mr. Squimps' eloquence the greater part of her life, and much like a worn-out text—thin and thumbed and faded.

The good lady was humbly aware of her deficiencies. A mere bit of quartz, she did not attempt to shine even in her husband's refulgence. All real authority in her department was delegated to Miss Bimm, who carried things with an air, taught the "higher branches," and took the lead.

Mrs. Squimps meekly took the kitchen, eminently fitter, as her husband declared, for that department, which was the foundation of all others. The foundation, prepared under Mrs. Squimps' supervision, was not very substantial. But elegance was the aim, gentility the law, at the academy, as Mr. Squimps observed, and no one asked twice for the same dish. An army of hungry girls, he remarked privately to Mrs. Squimps, would devour all before them unless properly restrained. Under this aspect sour bread and chill pancakes were judicious.

Amanda Liza, the girl about whom we were all just now in a furor, had assisted Mrs. Squimps and the maids in the kitchen of a morning, likewise of an evening; between these she generally sandwiched the thin hour of study, which was denominated her "education." She was a slim, drooping-eyed little thing, who never spoke up for herself; and if Jake hadn't spoken up for her once in a while, I think she would scarcely have held her own even under Mrs. Squimps' motherly sway.

"Old Jake," as we called him, was a black-eyed, ragged lad of eighteen, the factotum of the school, general fag, boot-black, and boy-of-all-work to the establishment, with an occasional elevation to coachman. Jake was subject to a state of chronic outbreak, restive, forgetful of rules, and "dreadful sassy," the maids declared. But Jake had his ideal, and that ideal was Miss Mandy Liza. Her pale, patient face, her soft, quiet voice, were potent with him. The girl was really poorer than Jake, lower in the scale, and with no apparent chance of rising from her bondage; but she recited with the young ladies, and it was Jake's high ambition to help her through with her chores and get her into class. Jake's guardianship of the girl was an accepted fact in the school and the village round about. No boy dared play any tricks on Amanda Liza.

"Jest you wait till I get my luck, an' I'll teach you!" was Jake's admonition, accompanied with a clinching of his sturdy fist that ably seconded the argument.

The girl took it all very quietly in her gentle way, and seemed to have a kindly regard for Jake—mending his coat occasionally, or darning his stockings—a thing Jake gallantly declared "she shouldn't do never agin; he wouldn't have no ladies waitin' on him."

Ladies! The girls used to nudge each other and smile; but for all that they were very good to Amanda Liza, whose faded dress and meek ways set her apart from the noisy youthfulness of the rest of us. We never begrudged the extra polish which Jake in his capacity of boot-black bestowed upon her shoes; and we did *not* laugh when those same shoes made their appearance one day adorned with a resplendent pair of steel buckles, which were afterward discovered to have been abstracted from the coachman's rig, in which Jake occasionally did duty, and to which, I am sorry to add, he was ignominiously obliged to restore them.

Occasionally, on some rare holiday, we girls had the privilege of a drive out into the country, when the Squimpses' superannuated sorrel, covered with an elaborate netting to conceal its deficiencies, and pricking up its tasseled ears with quite a show of spirit, would set off on a brisk trot, animated, no doubt, by the prospect of a grassy nibble along the road. Gay times were those. Jake was at his jolliest, and we all—old Dobbin included—forgot our "short commons" and long lectures, and grew hilarious together. Even poor Amanda Liza, quietly stowed away in the back seat, brightened up in the sunlight, and was meekly merry. Once I remember old Dobbin cantered along so friskly that he upset the whole party on a mossy bit of rising ground, and, whisking his long tail facetiously, quietly betook himself to pasture, while we picked ourselves up as best we could.

"We might have had worse luck," said Jake, as he plucked Amanda Liza out of the heap, shook her out, and wiped the dust from her black apron, leaving the rest of the party to look after themselves. Which we did, scolding and laughing by turns, and giving, quite by accident, the front seat beside Jake to Amanda Liza the rest of the way. Ah! the twilight that summer evening was warm and mellow, the fields were gilded, the meadows fragrant, and we heard a refrain of the grand eternal poem on the jolting seat of the old wagon, though Jake was silent the rest of the way, looking furtively now and then at the girl beside him, and being very attentive to old Dobbin. Poor Jake! Amanda Liza had shot up clean out of his reach since then, and what we wanted to know was whether the girl would remember him now in the days of her elevation.

A wealthy uncle, a splendid home, and money on her own account—ah! no wonder we had not seen Amanda since.

"They touched her off like a sky-rocket, and she has vanished," said Jake, ruefully.

Had she vanished for good? Then poetical justice was a myth, and Amanda's patched shoes and faded dresses were not more worthless than she. We waited. We watched the windows furtively. We pricked up our ears at every ring of the door-bell, but weeks passed, and the golden coach-and-six in which our Cinderella was to arrive did not rattle up the drive to the Squimps academy.

I think we had almost given it up, and Amanda Liza's base forgetfulness and ingratitude were becoming an old story, when one day at noon Jake came rushing in among us, hot and shining, and holding between his thumb and forefinger a dainty billet. He looked like an embodied "hurrah" at the moment.

But to tell the truth, Jake could not quite make out the writing, for with all his "opportunities," as our worthy principal designated his vicinage to wisdom and learning in the capacity of shoe-black, the lad was unable to decipher manuscript—"hadn't the patience," he declared.

Jenny Smith read the letter for him amidst general applause. Justice and righteousness had triumphed, it appeared, and Amanda Liza had proved herself a "regular brick," as Jenny, with brimming eyes, observed, handing back the precious scrap of paper to Jake, who carefully wrapped it in his ragged handkerchief. The letter contained a brief invitation to the lad, urging him to come and see his old friend—a day was appointed for the visit, and the street and number where she was to be found were written out in a round, school-girl hand. A fashionable and wealthy quarter of the city, where Jake was not likely to be very familiar.

Jake sat himself to work without loss of time at blacking his boots, albeit, the appointed day was somewhere about a week ahead. But it would take a deal of fixing, he explained confidentially, to get ready, and he hadn't much to fix with. Jake's normal condition was not that of a dandy, certainly. He could only, as a general thing, be lured by the prospect of a drive to "red himself up," as Mrs. Squimps said. To be ragged and let alone was his heaven. But this time he rose to the greatness of the occasion—he brushed and scoured, washed out his sole white shirt, dusted and straightened his battered old hat, and mended his trowsers.

Deeply interested in Jake's fortunes, we watched the proceedings.

"But Jake," said Jenny Smith one day, "what are you to do for a coat?"

Unhappy suggestion! Jake looked aghast. He hadn't thought of that. Certainly he couldn't make his appearance in that overgrown coachman's rig, in which he was wont to illustrate the academical respectability on the road. And he had nothing else. No necessity had ever before developed itself for anything save shirt sleeves and a woolen jacket.

An awful pause came over our deliberations for Jake. Miss Smith whistled, and finally suggested her water-proof—we all were ready to fling ours at his feet—but Jake couldn't go muffled like an Italian brigand. He shook his head.

Night closed without any solution of the difficulty, but we trusted that somehow the lad's quick wit would find a way out of it.

The next morning, however, a new sensation turned us from the contemplation of Jake's disasters. The house had been robbed. We were all terribly scared, and Mr. Squimps was in a fever of declamation and wrath. His coat, his best-beloved, blue-black coat, in which he was wont to dignify trustee meetings, ornament his pew of a Sunday, and pay visits of state to his patrons—his coat had been stolen! *His* coat, a man so devoted to the interests of education that he scarcely had time to go to the tailor's; to think that an ungrateful, inappreciative, idle world should have permitted *him* to be robbed! He raved, he stormed, he threatened vengeance, he lectured us on the degeneracy of the times, and forgot our Latin.

Vague forebodings of lurking assassins, masked robbers, and frequent skirmishes into the wardrobe and dormitories about this time kept us all in a nervous flurry, to the exclusion of all thought of Jake. But late one twilight afternoon, as we sat huddling in the windows of the long school room waiting the supper-bell, we saw him issue from the outhouse. Oh, horror! Oh, apparition of terror! For with its tails near touching the ground, its long sleeves overlapping his hands, Jake wore, without a doubt the missing coat, boldly marching in his stolen finery down toward the road in sight of us all. In sight of sharper eyes too, it seemed, for not far from the house Mr. Squimps himself pounced upon him.

Poor, kind, light-hearted Jake! We held our breath that day and the next, for Jake had been marched off to prison, and Mr. Squimps' eloquence and morality were in full flow. He said a longer grace than ever at dinner, and we were all glad when, hungrily eying the scanty board, we heard the visitors' bell summon him to the parlor. I think we were in better appetite than usual that day, and left little behind us for our Mentor as we filed up-stairs toward the school-room. Passing the parlor door there rushed out upon us a little figure in a trailing silk dress and a bonnetful of nodding French flowers. It was Amanda Liza.

"Oh, girls!" she cried, hysterically, bewildered with an apparent desire to embrace the whole troop. "Poor Jake!"

Mr. Squimps, tall and solemn, rose with dignity, and closed the parlor-door upon their further conference. We heard him make this consoling remark:

"I always knew he'd come to no good!"

It seemed that Amanda had learned of Jake's mishap through some stray newspaper, where the well-known name of the virtuous and vengeful Squimps had met her eye. She comprehended the situation, and came to the academy to plead for her old friend.

We waited the news of Jake's fate breathlessly, nodding and whispering among ourselves. For there would be a trial or something terrible, of course, we hardly knew what. Mr. Squimps was away all the afternoon, the classes were demoralized, and we stood idly gazing out of the window at four o'clock, when a carriage came up the drive. To our amazement Jake sat on the box, elate and erect. He sprang down, and opened the door with a flourish, and out stepped Mr. Squimps.

"The girl pleaded so hard that I have decided not to prosecute," said Mr. Squimps; and if a splendid new coat fresh from the tailor's and a plump silken purse of unknown manufacture had anything to do with this decision we were not informed of it.

"And I'm going to live with Miss Mandy Liza forever!" cried Jake, when he came among us, his face lit with a glory as if he were departing for heaven.

Would Amanda Liza dress him in a blue coat and brass buttons, and make him her coachman at good wages? Ah, what a rise for poor Jake! Amanda Liza was his saint, his angel, the hem of whose garment he touched reverently. There was no commonplace element about such love as this, and Jake would be content to let down her carriage steps and look after her ponies all the days of his life, we thought. And that was the last we saw of him at the Squimpses'.

But years after, when I was traveling in Australia with my husband, Mr. Smith and myself were invited to the ranch of one of the magistrates there, whose broad estates covered miles of mountain and meadow, and who owned almost literally "the cattle upon a thousand hills." In the lady of the mansion, a delicate and dainty personage, I recognized with a cry of surprise and delight my old schoolmate, Amanda Liza; but I did not know the portly dignitary upon whose arm she hung until I heard her laughing whisper—"Oh, Jake, don't you remember old Squimps'?"

—Tomato Preserves.—Take the round yellow variety as soon as ripe, scald and peel; then to seven pounds of tomatoes add seven pounds of white sugar, and let them stand over night. Take the tomatoes out of the sugar and boil the sirup, removing the scum. Put in the tomatoes and boil gently fifteen or twenty minutes; remove the fruit again, and boil until the sirup thickens. On cooling put the fruit into jars and pour the sirup over it, and add a few slices of lemon to each jar, and you will have something to please the taste of the most fastidious.

ALGERNON ETHELRED—"What do you think of my new portrait? They have made me precious ugly, haven't they?" Constantia Levinia—"Yes, they have, very; but it is a splendid likeness."

British Ideal of the Western American.

A writer in the *Overland Monthly* dilates upon the eagerness which the British manifest for thrilling stories of adventure, saying that the American of the far West, in the respectable British imagination, is a reckless, blood-thirsty, impetuous, vindictive being, hung with six-shooters and bowie-knives. He goes on to relate a reply which he once made to two gentlemen, who had asked him if there was not a great deal of cutting and shooting among his people.

I perceived that these men were hungry for a meal of wild, Western, bloody fiction. It was cruel to deny them.

I said: "Certainly. We shoot much. We shoot often. We shoot socially. If, for instance, the company be sitting about the stove in the Rifle Saloon, and the conversation flags, and things generally are dull, nothing is more common than for a gentleman to get up, stretch himself, draw his revolver, cock it, flourish it about his head, and proclaim himself the royal Bengal tiger of the southern mines. Then the sluggish blood begins to quicken in the veins of some other gentleman, and he gets up, stretches himself, draws his revolver, cocks it, flourishes it about, and proclaims himself another royal Bengal tiger of the southern mines. Then are heard ten or twelve short, sharp reports. The lights are blown out by the concussions. The rival Bengal tigers shoot about at random in the dark, and hit everybody else save themselves. The unhurt portion of the company scramble behind the bar and under the billiard tables, and cry out, 'Don't shoot this way!' When the barrels of both revolvers are emptied, the combatants clinch, and, as they imagine, cut each other all to pieces with bowie-knives; although, when the lights are brought, it turns out to be somebody else. Then the two royal Bengals shake hands, fraternize over a drink, and go off together to the gunsmith's to get their pistols reloaded. The survivors pick up the dead and wounded. There is a great deal of talk over the affair for several days. The bodies are kept until Sunday. Then there is a splendid funeral. The Odd Fellows, the Masons, the military companies, and the temperance societies, all turn out, with music and banners. The Sunday-school children, dressed in white, appear in the procession, singing 'There is a happy land, far far away,' etc. The minister preaches a very effective discourse, and is very careful not to say anything to wound the feelings of the two Bengal tigers, who stand in the front pew overlooking the coffins as quiet mourners, holding together by their left hands the same hymn-book, as they sing out of it, while the right of either grasps his revolver, ready to send a ball through the clerical organization, should he say anything in the funeral sermon personally offensive to them. Everybody for twenty miles around comes on horseback and in buggies. The saloons and shops do a good business, and the day commonly winds up with a grand ball and supper. All the young ladies are proud to dance with the two Bengals, all the young men envy them, and resolve to kill somebody at the first convenient opportunity. Before morning there are probably two or three more 'fatal affrays,' and so the life and excitement peculiar to our free, easy, unconventional society is sustained from month to month and year to year.

"When all this is over, a subscription is generally set on foot in the camp for erecting monuments over the graves, and when the money is all raised, the man to whom it is intrusted goes to San Francisco to buy the marbles, and there he falls in with old friends, and drinks and sprees, and gambles all the money away. If he comes back and makes confession, we either blow the top of his head off, or say, 'No matter. If you had a good time it is just as well. Bob, Jim, and Tom will rest quite as easy without any monuments.' Then we put over them a cheap wooden tombstone, with a pretty verse painted on it. These boards, after a few years, rot away at the lower end, and the goats and cows, pastured in our burying-ground, rub against them and knock them over, and finally we gather and split them up for stove kindling."

They liked this sketch of California life. They relished it. They picked its very bones clean.

Mexican Dishes.

First of all and best of all was the chocolate brought to us soon after we landed, by a barefooted Mexican boy, with "pan de huevas (literally, "egg-bread"), a sweet light cake. The chocolate is thick yet light, with a head of delicious brown foam, which melts in the mouth as you drink it. Then, at the midday meal, were the inevitable "frijoles" a small black bean, which forms the chief food of the lower orders throughout Mexico, and without which, under one form or another, no meal is considered perfect. With them appeared the other standing dish, "tortillas," very thin cakes made of maize. They are made by boiling the maize, and then rubbing it into fine paste on a lava stand called a "metate." When the paste is perfectly smooth, a piece is taken in the two hands, and patted and slapped till it is as thin as half a crown, the size of a breakfast plate, and about as tough as an ordinary sheepskin. It is then baked for a moment on a griddle and served hot but quite limp. It is used as a spoon and fork to eat the frijoles; thus you tear off a corner, and divide it in two, doubling up one half as a receptacle for the beans, which you push in with the other bit, and eat spoon and all together. A common joke takes its rise from this, "that the Mexicans are so proud and so rich that they never use the same spoon twice." In Mexico the day begins early, with a light meal about 6 A. M., called "desayuno," when you take a cup of chocolate and "pan'dulce." Then about 12 comes "almuerzo" (breakfast), a heavy meal, with several courses of meat. And about 5 P. M. is "la comida" (dinner), a lengthy proceeding, with endless courses of meat, which are all served alone, excepting the "puncheno," boiled beef, with a mixture of every imaginable vegetable in the same dish; and dinner ends with small cups of excellent cafe noir.

—A few of the hundred and fifty young Russian women who were driven from Zurich, by order of the Czar, while pursuing their medical studies in that city, have arrived in New York moneyless, and waiting for something to do. They are described as accomplished women.

Croquet at Danbury.

The pursuit of the favorite pastime of croquet has inspired the following reflection from the Danbury *News* man: "Croquet is not designed for the development of muscle, but merely for the enjoyment of recreation. When a man puts the preponderance of his strength in the blow, he fails to progress in the game, and not only that, but he loses so much of the enjoyment, and merely expends strength that may be required to take him off the premises. An accurate eye for measuring distances and defining directions is about all the capital required in a safe and nourishing game of croquet. Considering what an excellent citizen he is in all respects, we are led to regret that Mr. Hennessy did not possess these facts previous to last Monday evening. On that occasion he played his first game. There was a nice party of them on Mr. Warford's lawn, and several elderly ladies, members of the Khidghluv Mission Society, were seated on the stoop, having had a very enjoyable tea. Mr. Hennessy waited expectantly for his turn at the game, at the same time swinging his right arm and slapping his chest to warm up his muscle. When his turn did come he determined he would surprise the congregation. And he did. He looked at the other players patronizingly, and at the elderly ladies affectionately, then he raised the mallet, and carefully measured the distance, and took in all the bearings between him and the ball. Then he swung it around his head once or twice, and the next instant it swung through the air like a flash of lightning, and descending square and accurately to the aim, lifted that ball into the air, and drove it full against the shin of the amiable president of the Khidghluv Mission, who immediately rolled off the stoop, and went kicking and screaming into a Michigan rose-bush. The awful concussion of the blow broke the head short off from the handle of the mallet, and that distressing article contributed some new and startling phases to the disaster. After making several unsuccessful lunges at the players, whose nimbleness alone saved them, it stopped across Mr. Warford's nose, taking off some two dollars' worth of skin, and, flying upward, came down with unexpected force upon the crown of the vice-president of the Khidghluvs, who was making herself hoarse in behalf of her unfortunate superior, and brought her jaws together with such force as to nearly deprive her of one-third of her tongue. The unfortunate Mr. Hennessy appeared to be the only one to retain his presence of mind. He buttoned the mallet-handle under his coat, and threw his hat into the street; and then, watching his opportunity, dashed in and caught one of the president's struggling legs, and immediately pulled her out of the rose-bush, and on to the walk. Then he put three of the balls in his pockets, slung his watch on the pear tree, and went home, smiling in the most imbecile manner indescribable.

A Cholera Incident of 1833.

The following is an incident which occurred during the prevalence of cholera in 1833, as narrated to us a few days since by a friend:

Mrs. Williams, then as now, a resident of Fleming county, was taken violently ill with cholera. The disease seemed to have run its usual short and terrible course, and she was pronounced dead. Hurried preparations for the funeral were made, and the supposed corpse, dressed in the habiliments of the grave, was placed in the coffin, and the lid was being fastened down, when a feeble though distinct rap from within startled and arrested the attention of those present; and, the coffin lid being removed, the fact was faintly disclosed that Mrs. W. was still living. Proper restoratives were at once procured and applied, and Mrs. W. recovered and still lives, hale and hearty for one of her age.

Our informant has often heard the old lady speak of the occurrence, and of the feeling she experienced—how, from the time she first discovered that the attendants regarded her as dead, she strove to give some sign of life to avert a live burial, and being wholly unable, when the fixing of the nails in her coffin nerved her to a more determined, last, desperate effort, which, happily, resulted as we have stated.—*Carlisle (Ky.) Mercury.*

American Teachers in Europe.

The party of teachers that left New York City, under the auspices of Cook, the excursion manager, are being received with every evidence of kindly feeling wherever they go. They have visited Scotland, and have lately been received at Derby, England. The Springfield *Republican* says: "Altogether, the teachers are being made a good deal of by our British cousins, which is, no doubt, all the more grateful to their modest hearts on account of its entire unexpectedness. They have been toted about, through the courtesy of railway companies, in special trains of saloon coaches, and after their reception at Derby, we read of their being the guests for a day of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot at Alton Towers. But England is to be more thoroughly done on the return of the excursionists from the continent, where, by this time, they must have got well along on their travels. Paris and Vienna are the two principal objective points, but some will extend the journey to Rome; others will visit Switzerland, the Rhine, and Belgium. A few do not intend to return with the party, but purpose remaining a year or two in England, or on the continent, to improve themselves in various branches of knowledge and in languages, so as to make themselves better qualified for their work at home."

—An effort is about to be made in English cities to establish a large number of provident medical institutions for the class of people above the condition of pauperism, who, while unable to pay the ordinary medical fees, are yet able to make small periodical payments for medicine and medical attendance. The scheme has already been successfully tried on a small way in London, Nottingham, Leicester, and Coventry.

—This is one of Josh Billings' latest strokes: "I have eat these lamentabel Nu Jersey ham sandwich, and must say that I prefer a couple of basswood chips, soaked in mustard water, and stuk together with Spalding's glu."